The Most Important Race Of Her Life

Jenifer had been overwhelmed to be among-st the few athletes from her country to be selected to compete in the Olympics but now that she was actually here it was all too surreal. Surely nothing could ever top this experience! She had trained so hard, in the pool, to prepare for this day and with in the next eighteen hours, she would get her chance at becoming the fastest swimmer in the world.

There were several medal contenders that could defeat her in her quest for Gold but Jenifer believed, strongly, that a maximum effort could result in her best time ever and an Olympic Gold Medal in her best event. In a race were a few hundredths of a second was all that separated the winner from the rest of the pack, anybody could win. This had little to do with luck however and Jenifer was leaving nothing to chance. Tonight she was back in the pool, as she had been for the previous four nights, practicing her breast stroke and trying to cut a few more milliseconds off her lap time. All of her attention was focused upon achieving her greatest victory. There would be time to enjoy the Olympics after she completed her events.

Another person was wandering about the pool area this night, as well. His name was Hans VonGraph. He wasn't there to compete, in fact, he shouldn't have been there at all. But Hans had a very dark secret that only he knew. Hans was a cannibal and he was in the pool complex scoping out a perspective meal.

Now Hans was an extraordinary person and that would be an understatement. He weighed in at nearly 300 pounds and had a figure that should have stood out in any crowd. He was so large and extremely fat that most people could not have helped but to stare at him in disgust for his massive frame and protruding potbelly. I say that they should have stared at him but , in fact, nobody noticed him at all. This was, in part, because Hans had a unique ability. Well... actually he had several unique abilities but one of these involved the ability to cloud the minds of those around him and to make it so folks didn't take notice of his presence or his activities. That is how he had slipped past the security guards, protecting the pool facilities, and how he managed to get so close to the pool itself. What he was looking for was a young woman, not for a sexual relationship but, to make a meal of. She had to be in the prime of her life, say 19 to 22, so she would be large enough to make a fulfilling meal but tender and fleshy enough to be enjoyable to eat. He had chosen the swimming complex for his hunt because these girls were athletic and young, but no so powerfully built as to be overly tough and sinewy.

As he passed each pool lane, he studied each swimmer to judge the qualities of her meat. He chose the women's training pool because women are generally more succulent, with a smaller frame and a higher fat content to improve the flavor of their meat. As he passed Jennifer's lane, she was just arrived and was preparing to and begin her practice. He looked over her body over and noted that her breasts where slightly more developed than those of her contemporaries. Although her suit was designed to compress her breast and give her a more stream-lined shape she could not hide the size of her cleavage from the observant eyes of a man who had seen more than his fair share of young women's bodies. Her swimsuit would have to go, however, as it was completely indigestible and would no doubt degrade the flavor of this otherwise delectable young lady.

Hans closed his eyes and directed his thoughts toward the young athlete. Suddenly Jennifer had a tremendous idea. What if she discarded her swimsuit and swam the race stark naked? Not only could she eliminate the extra weight of the swimsuit, but her soft, bare skin would offer up less friction as she passed through the water than the coarse fibers of the suit. True, this might not make a lot of difference in racing time but even if it reduced her swim time by a fraction of a second it might be enough to win gold! Of course she would have to swim the race nude but this was the Olympics after all. What is modesty when compared to the opportunity to stand on the podium and hold up the Gold medal for all of her country men to see. Strangely enough, it never even occurred to her that the Olympic officials would not consider her swimming the race in the buff. Even more strangely as she wriggled out of her swimsuit, beside the practice pool, nobody else seemed to take notice except an incredibly rotund man who just stood there smiling as he watched her strip.

It was only after she had fully undressed and was ready to dive into the pool that she noticed him there watching her. Never before had she seen someone so grotesquely overweight and he had taken off his swim trunks as well. First he was a man and there weren't supposed to be any men in this building. Second he was now naked, why would he take off his cloths like that. Suddenly she was acutely aware of the fact that she was naked. Was he going to try and rape her? All she knew was that she had to get away from this horrible man before he could hurt her. The only escape rout available was right in front of her. If she could dive into the pool and swim across it to the other side he would have to run around the pool to get at her, and from that side she could make a quick exit of the building.

Jennifer launched herself off the edge of the pool and into the water and began a frantic race for the end of the race lane. Less than a few seconds after she entered the pool she heard a tremendous splash from behind her. That was the one thing she hadn't expected. This obese man had dove into the pool after her. Was he insane? She was an Olympic Swimming Athlete. He was grotesquely out of shape. Did he seriously think he could even come close to catching her before she reached the other side of the pool?!!

Glancing back over her shoulder, Jennifer could not believe what she was seeing. This magnificently fat pig of a man was actually catching up to her. How was that even possible! Now you have to realize that size and weight do not determine a maximum speed in water. What counts is how powerful and a creature is and how streamlined its shape is. Hans may have carried a lot of fat on his frame but he also carried a tremendous amount of muscle as well. A Killer Whale can catch up to a dolphin in the open sea because, in spite of its size, it too is streamlined in its own way. Jennifer did not have time to consider this, however, because she was in the middle of the most important race of her life.

Victory would not be determined by weather she received a Gold Medal when it was over but, rather, if she was still able to climb out of this pool.

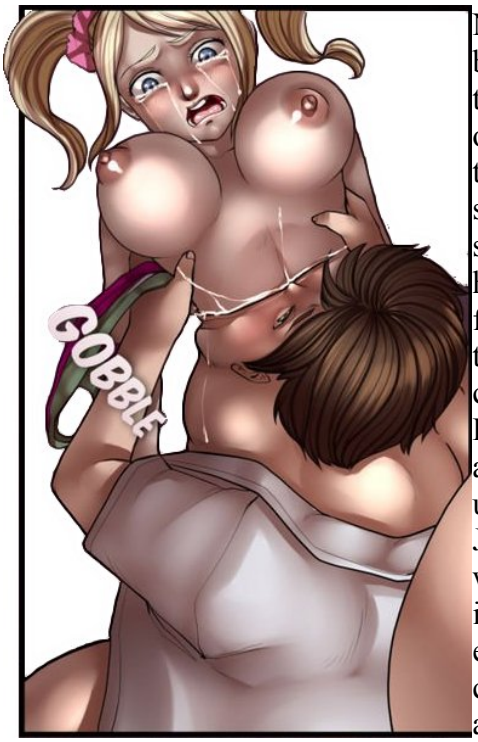
Frantically her arms pounded into the water pulling with all of their might and her legs kicked desperately to propel her towards the safety of the other end of the lane. If Jennifer could have measured her progress in time she would have been quite impressed. There is something about struggling for your life that brings out the best in every athlete. Unfortunately Hans was very motivated as well. His meal was just ahead of him and if she got to the other side of the pool, and got out, he would simply be too exhausted to follow her. He would simply have to make sure that she didn't make it to the other side.

Jennifer could hear the tremendous disturbance of the water right behind her, but the pool side was only a couple of feet ahead! She was nearly spent but she knew now that she would make it. Then the splashing behind her suddenly stopped. That surprised her and she looked back over her shoulder again to see what had happened to her pursuer. She was shocked to see nothing behind her at all. There was no sign of him. Where had he gone? She slowed down in her confusion and that was her big mistake. This was a race for survival and she had failed to give her complete effort right to the end. Perhaps, had she stormed to the pool edge and climbed out before looking back, she might have escaped a truly horrifying fate but, at the last moment floating still in the pool like that, Hans suddenly came up from beneath her with his mouth open swallowing her feet and legs. Jennifer let out a scream of dismay and was lifted completely out of the water as Hans bobbed to the surface. Starring in shock down over her breasts at her pelvis she watched in horror at huge belly protruding from beneath her and a jutting chin and lower lip encircling her legs just above her knees. She could feel her legs, being restrained in the cramped confines of Han's mouth and gullet. There was practically no room to shift her lower limbs, let alone to kick her feet in resistance.

It all happened so quickly. Hans reached up and grabbed Jennifer's hips, one buttock in each hand, and squeezed them in a vice-like grip and proceeded to make several powerful swallowing actions. His gullet squeezed tightly around her lower legs, holding them securely and the rib-like protrusions along the length of his throat grasped the limbs and pulled them farther downward into the depths of his gullet. The shape of these ribs made it impossible for anything caught in their grip to move back upward so Jennifer had no option but to be sucked downwards towards the depths of his belly. With each gulp, more and more of Jennifer's legs and thighs were sucked into his mouth in sudden and violent jerking movements. At the same time he gripped her ass in his two, ham like, fists and pulled her waist downward towards his huge, gaping maw. Jennifer bent over and reached down to try and defend her hips, but even as she did so her thighs were being sucked into his mouth. She could feel his teeth scrapping along the length of her thighs and comeing up just beneath her crotch.

The unthinkable reality was just now starting to sink into Jennifer's mind. He was gobbling her up whole. Not just whole but alive! As hard as it was to believe, she knew, without a doubt, that if he didn't stop this right now she was going to be dragged down into the very depths of his gut to be digested. “No!!!”, She wailed, “Please you can't...”. But, with each violent swallow, Jennifer was

becoming more and more aware that this was his very intention. Even at this stage, despite her plea for mercy she knew, at heart, that he had no intention of stopping until she was completely encompassed within the folds of his huge belly.



Now she felt something thick, wet and rough pressing into the bottom of the crack of her ass cheeks. It forced it's way between the soft tightly squeezed flesh of her two thighs and slithered up over her cunt. She always shaved herself before every competition to reduce and drag that might be cased by thick hair beneath her swimsuit. Now she could feel a soft, yet almost sandpaper like, surface rubbing against her cliturous. As she stared down towards her waist, she saw the disgusting sight of his tongue sliding up from between her thighs as it stretched up over her cunt and licked the under side of her belly hungrily. There was little time to contemplate the perverted implications of this because, just then Hans squeezed her arse cheeks tightly together and swallowed again. The sandpaper-like surface of his taste-buds gripped her underbelly and pulled back into his mouth at the same time and Jennifer cried out in agony Hans's maw opened wide and she watched in shock as her whole pelvis was compressed and sucked into his mouth in one jerking gulp! She felt the pain of the sharp edges of his teeth scraping over the fatty rolls of flesh of her bum cheeks as his lips climbed up her waistline and finally came to rest around her belly and the small of her back.

Jennifer was now in an utter state of panic. She was not thinking about calling for help or trying to escape her fate, The only thing that now coursed through her mind was stark terror. This fat, pig of a man was devouring her whole and very soon she would be completely inside his stomach. There seemed to be no way out of her predicament and it was quite clear that her attacker was not in the mood to show the least bit of mercy. Her mind could no longer fathom any physical way to defend herself and all that seemed to be left for her to do was scream in terror and wriggle about frantically. Perhaps, occasionally, a conscious thought might pass briefly through her brain, but it as almost immediately overwhelmed by her state of panic. It was clear, by now that she was doomed. Her intellect could see that Hans was unstoppable. He was going to get what he wanted. Her survival instinct, however, refused to accept this even though there was no logical alternative to her fate. Since she could not formulate any logical plan of escape all that was left to do was weep and squirm.

It always deteriorates to this state with the victims of Hans's appetite. Some maintain their ability to contemplate resistance a little longer than others but in the end they are forced to accept the inevitable and then all conscious thought breaks down in favor of panic. There is no way to determine who's emotions will betray their resistance first. Often the strong and determined people succumb to the pressure right away while the weak and scattered minded may put up a long and desperate fight right to the end. Jennifer, it turned out, was about average but not spectacular in her resistance. She may have been a champion athlete but, in the end, it turned out she wasn't much of a survivor. I guess that goes to show just how unimportant sports competition really is in the grander picture of life.

It wasn't fair! All she wanted was to prove herself, to be a winner. Why did this have to happen to her? What had she done to deserve this? She was only twenty years old! She had her whole life ahead of her. It just couldn't end like this. She had hopes and dreams. She was going to university to study law and

become a lawyer and now this! What had she done to make him commit this unthinkable act or violence upon her?

The fact is that Jennifer was over thinking the whole situation. She hadn't done anything at all. Hans had selected her because her body was prime, young woman's meat. She wasn't particularly special at all. She was just an appetizing morsel of human flesh that had caught his eye. He had devoured hundreds of women like her and, no doubt, he would eat hundreds more long after she was nothing more than feces. To Hans, women where pleasant, sexual dalliances from time to time but mostly they where just thinking, feeling, carcasses of delicious, human meat. They paraded about about the streets of cities and towns, carrying their meat about on those juicy thighs as if they were saying, "Would you like to eat my body? I'm young and quite tender and I'll fill up your ravenous belly with my soft, warm meat." Hans knew, full well, that these girls didn't actually want to be eaten. They never dreamed that such things where even possible and it was to his benefit to keep it that way right up to the moment of the actual feeding. He didn't care if they were terrified by the act of cannibalism that he inflicted upon them. In fact, he rather enjoyed the sense of raw power that he held over them as he forced them into his maw and down his gullet to the pit of his belly. That is why he always ate them alive and fully conscious. Their screams and pleas for mercy gave him a tremendous sexual jolt as he contemplated the absolute power he could muster in order to dispense them to a miserable fate, worse than immediate death. He used these women to nourish himself and satisfy his sexual fetish and they supplied the succulent, living meat to enrich his body and the emotional distress to excite his sexual perversions. For all of her dreams and accomplishments, Jennifer was just another living meal to him.

Jennifer rubber her belly as she protruded from Hans's maw. Tears were streaming down her face, dribbling from her chin, onto her breasts, like rain. The sharp teeth gripped her from all sides, pressing down upon her spine and belly. GOD! Her back was aching. She was having difficulty breathing, because her guts were being pushed up against her sternum causing her lungs to have difficulty inflating to draw in air. She was still able to get some oxygen but it was barely enough to maintain life. She could no longer muster enough wind to make words or load screams. She was getting so weak that she could not even hold her head up straight anymore. It bobbed up and down with the rocking motion of Han's floating in the pool. She was still conscious but there was very little physical action that she could actually perform. Once again she felt the tongue moving within the crevice of the crack of her ass and it's porous surface rubbed her against her tender cunt as it reached upwards towards her belly. Squeezing between her abdomen and his lower lip it pressed in upon her tummy as it stretched up towards her bellybutton, slithering back and forth as it did so in order to lubricate her aching belly. Jennifer watched helplessly as it's tip curled into the slight indentation of her bellybutton. She felt an overwhelming sense of terror as it did this for she had a pretty good idea what was coming next.

Suddenly, Han's gullet muscles contracted and the ribbed walls of his throat gripped her thighs, once more, in a vice-like hold. This was immediately followed by are powerful swallowing action that created a tremendous vacuum in his gullet, causing Jennifer's ass cheeks to be pressed even more tightly together as they were sucked into the back of his mouth and down into the incredibly cramped confines of his throat. The swallowing action was so powerful that Jennifer's whole belly was slurped into this mouth in one swallow. She was yanked down into his mouth with such a tremendous jerk that her head was flung backwards with so much force that it almost broke her neck. The circumference of Hans's mouth was so tight that several long, red rashes along the length of Jennifer's belly, where it had scrapped over his teeth when he swallowed it.

Jennifer let out a tremendous grunt as she was sucked farther down into his maw, in spite of the shortage of oxygen. She was so exhausted, at this stage of the meal, that her hands dangled uselessly

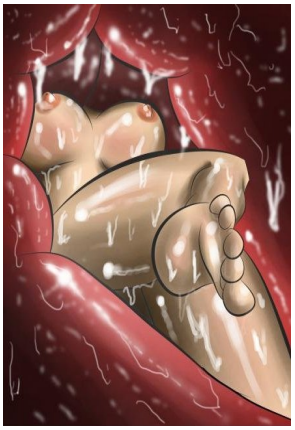
along the sides of Hans's jaw. She did not try to get a hold of anything to push on in order to keep slipping any farther into hi mouth because she was so week that she could not even operate her fingers, let alone her hands. His lips encircled her mi-drift just at the bass of her lower ribs. She leaned forward at a twenty degree angle so that she could clearly make out the pot of his massive belly. Perhaps it was the lack of oxygen or just the perversity of her whole predicament but even in this shocking state of consumption Jennifer took note that she could see the purple knob of her attacker's penis jutting outwards under the water, from beneath his huge gut and all she could think was how massively endowed this man must be for his manhood to stick out far enough from under his giant gut to be seen from this angle. That was limit of her pondering because, just at that moment, he swallowed again.

Now Jennifer's breast weren't all that large, as racing athletes require fairly streamlined bodies, but even so the physical violence of this swallow jerked her downward towards Han's mouth with such a jerk that her tits flopped visibly upward. Once again Jennifer's head was flung back with a violent force almost strong enough to snap her spine. It was only the fact that Jennifer was utterly limp that her neck did not break. In a split second his teeth scraped across her ribs and over Jennifer's bosoms and around her armpits. This forced Jennifer's limp arms up over her head. This made little difference because, by now Jennifer was so utterly spent that her arms were useless to her anyway.

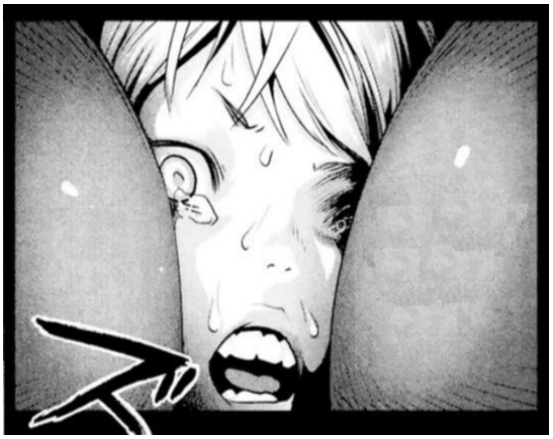
Jennifer was in such a state of shock that her brain was no longer able to process her condition in any reasonable way. In a brief second of of intelligible thought Jennifer noted how painful it felt to have someone biting on your arm pits. You would have thought that she would have been thinking about something more urgent then her armpits but she wasn't in charge of her mind anymore. Perhaps it was for the best that her thoughts were occupied by such trivial things, considering what was about to come next. Hans swallowed again and Jennifer's head, pressed between her arms, tilted back as it was sucked into his mouth.

Suddenly Jennifer's thoughts came briefly back into focus, as she watched those teeth scrape over her chin. Now she could see both his upper and lower lips coming together above her face as she watched the tooth encrusted view of the outside world quickly shrink until it was sealed from sight and was replaced by the dark pinkish blackness of the inside of Hans's mouth. A pink line of pale light coming from the point where his lips sealed together was the only remnants of her previous existence. It was strange to think that all that separated her from that world were those lips. It seemed so close and yet... Jennifer's heart pounded frantically and her mind screamed where her voice could not, “NO!!!... oh god. no...”. She felt the all too familiar, rough surface of his tongue slither from beneath her chin as it curled over her entire face, blocking her view of the last pale crack of light in her world. “NOOOOOO! DON'T!”, even as she felt her face being pressed hard up against the ribs of the roof of his mouth she sobbed one last, short thought in despair, “...please.....*”. Then with several quick, if somewhat less powerful, swallows Jennifer's head was dragged over the rough, pillow-like surface of the back of his tongue and around the bend and down what seemed a bottomless well of

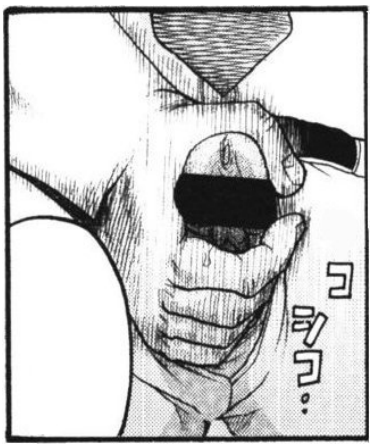
pitch blackness into the waiting stomach. Her limp arms slurped into his mouth, like noodles of spaghetti, and followed her head down his gullet and into his belly as well.



After having swallowed her limp arms and a shock of long red hair, he bobbed in the pool for a moment or two caressing his massive distended gut. When he had leaped into the pool it had been soft and flabby and thick with folds of fat, but now it was firm, round and smooth Jennifer had filled out his figure, so to speak. There was always that embarrassing, moment after a meal, when he couldn't help but admit, too himself, that he had done a very bad thing. That poor, unfortunate, young woman didn't deserve this. How could he simply eat such a sweet young thing in the prime of her life. That is when the answer always comes to him and he chuckles at his own personal joke. It was precisely because she was so sweet and in the prime of her life that he had ate her. His soft chuckle was rudely interrupted by a reverberating belch! “* BUUURRRRP *!”, Isn't that just like every woman he ever ate; they always have to have one last thing to say before their done. Having floated his back up against the side of the pool, he grasped the elevated edge and, with a mighty heave, he lifted himself out of the water and his massive up ass on to the concrete pool side.



Jennifer was unable to hear anything from outside of Han's stomach but she did feel the unsettling sensation of Hans's intestines sloshing about as he came down hard on his bum. The feeling of seasickness was added to her cramped discomfort. As if that wasn't bad enough, her body had naturally rolled into the fetal position as she entered the pot of his belly. Now her head was pressed, tightly, between her thighs and each time the stomach muscles contracted, her back and neck pain became almost unbearable. Not that she had time to think about any of this. All she could think of now was the pain. Even the thoughts of panic had ceased as pain was the only emotion she was capable of interpreting anymore. Her only occasional, conscious thought was for all of this to please end soon. She didn't really give much thought to how it would all end. All she wanted was it to be over and soon!



Han's sat by the pool with his legs dangling in the water. He was suddenly aware that he was stark naked in a public place with lots of people in plain sight, not that any of them seem to take any notice of him. Still, he HAD just eaten one of their fellow athletes right in front of them. What would they think of him? He blushed a rosy pink color

from head to toe but his social discomfort did not dissuade him from reaching under his gut and taking a firm hold of his dink to wrestle with the intense sexual urges that always followed one of these feasts. Just as Jennifer got a huge emotional high from defeating her opponents, in the pool, Hans always felt a tremendous sense of victory every time he forced someone else to become his food. He knew that they would resist with all their might and try and stop this from happening, but each time he proved that they were simply no match for his stalking skills and ravenous capacity to swallow large, squirming meals. Once again he had proven to his victim, that she was nothing more than living protein that deserved to be consumed by this massive predator.

With a tremendous grunt, “UUUhhhh....!”, his testicles tightened in his fat sack and a quick stream of gooey jism sprayed all over the underside of his massive belly. Some of the seed dripped onto the cement floor between his thighs, but most of it was so thick and sticky that it just clung to his underbelly in greasy globs of spurge. Hans, now, released the huge, somewhat soft, serpent letting it fall wet and heavy against his thigh and reached up to massage his belly, smearing the greasy seed all over his stomach until it was all wet and slick with his gooey sperm. This beat standing on a dumb old podium any day. What good is a Gold Metal anyway? Surely this is a far more satisfying way to celebrate the fact that you are a top competitor within the food chain. In his chosen sport, There was second or third place runners up, only winners and losers and losers did not get another chance to compete again. As He gazed over his enlarged belly, Hans felt an overwhelming sense of pride. He was proud of his skill and tactical knowledge that had brought him this victory. He was proud of his physical qualities that made these meals possible. He was proud of his stomach and the way it would easily reduce full-grown young women to mere protein. He was even proud of his displays of sexual fertility. Yes there was no doubt in his mind. He was the ultimate example of what a man ought to be, and Jennifer now represented the perfect example of just what a woman ought to be. There was absolutely no sense of real shame, guilt or regret for what he had just done. Only and deep feeling of satisfaction with the final outcome of this competition.

Eventually Hans stirred himself from his recline and, with a mighty effort, raised himself to his feet and wandered out of the of the practice pool facility. He only paused to pick up his clothes on the way out and set about to return to his lodgings. He didn't bother to re-dress himself as nobody would even notice that he was nude and besides; there was no way that he'd fit back into them with Jennifer's extra bulk added to his waistline. Once he got back to his room, he settled into his bed for a well-deserved sleep. These meals always left him feeling tired. Jennifer wasn't going to keep him awake, that was for sure. She had absolutely no room to struggle or even squirm. Besides, the digestive process was battering and beating her so badly that she was too exhausted to resist anyway. As Han's world faded into darkness, his stomach continued to diligently process his latest meal, even as he slept. There would be no rest for Jennifer for a couple of hours yet!

The next morning found the Olympic grounds buzzing with activity. Over at the swimming venue, Jennifer's coach was valiantly searching for his missing athlete. Where on earth could she be? She knew her competition was beginning in just a few minutes! As yet he hadn't reported her missing, to the Olympic Security Police. He was really hoping that she would show up any moment. Unfortunately that just wasn't going to be possible as Jennifer was no longer in any condition to make an appearance at the pool side.

In other locations, Security Police were investigating reports of several missing persons. These included young women, teenage girls and children of a wide variety of ages. Even one or two athletes had be been reported as missing. Naturally, Security took all of these reports seriously and where doing everything in their power to try and find these folks but as yet, they hadn't come to the conclusion that

these disappearances might all be connected. People go missing at large events all the time. In most cases it's simple a matter of family members becoming separated and lost. They usually turn up, after a short period, unharmed and none the worse for the experience. Since the Olympics are so much larger then most of these events, security expected the reports of missing persons to be higher than usual. Still, it did seem strange that so few of these people had turn up so far. Were could they all be?

On the other side of the Olympic grounds, Hans was just headed towards one of the many toilette facilities furnished for the needs of the tourists. His bowels where full to capacity and his bladder was in need of relief. Entering a building with a picture of a male figure on the door he headed straight for a handicapped stall. He always preferred the more roomy toilette stalls. Pulling down his pants and underwear to his knees, he plunked down heavily on the toilette seat and began a mighty push with his abdominal muscles. His bowels responded right away, forcing a large quantity of excrement down his poop chute. Meanwhile his dink strained, hard against the front of the toilet-bowl as a powerful gush of piss streamed out his pisshole and down the bowel into the water beneath. Han's anus expanded to an impressive diameter as a huge, thick turd began to be ejected from his bowels. As the feces continued

to exit his asshole it grew longer and longer, curling around itself as it settled in the bowl, until the water could no-longer submerge it beneath it's surface. With one tremendous grunt after another, Hans continued to push this gigantic dropping out of his bowels until, at-last, the whole thing had been excreted. Hans grabbed a huge handful of toilette paper and, lifting the right ass cheek off the toilet-seat, he reached beneath his arse and wiped the last last traces of shit from his crack. Then standing up he pulled his shorts and trousers back up to his waist and fastened them.

Turning around to flush the toilet, he glanced briefly down upon the tremendous dump of shit semi-submerged in the bottom of the bowl. A bunched up shit rag was lying, draped over the huge feces, Stained with a thick brown smear of excrement. It was quite an impressive stool, but Hans had seen bigger ones. Still he chuckled as he thought that she was destined to be a national hero this day. True, for a stool sample, she was quit impressive, but he doubted anyone back home would be all that enamored with her now. Wrinkling his nose at the powerful stench she was emitting, Hans decided he had better flush her down the drain. Unfortunately Jennifer's fecal remains only succeeded in clogging the toilet with water overflowing over the rim of the bowl. Luckily, Hans had anticipated that this might happen and was standing back away from the toilet to keep his shoes clean and dry. Some maintenance person would have to be called to clear this fixture. This too was happening a lot in and around the Olympic grounds. Of course, nobody had made any connection between these events and the large number of missing persons. Why would they, I mean, who could even conceive of anything that grotesque?

As he left the toilette facilities, Hans's eyes drifted onto a rather pregnant young woman, perhaps in her late twenties. She was standing beside a man that could have been her husband. A broad smile crossed Hans's lips. Perfect! Just right to hit the spot! The husband would have to go but that wouldn't be any trouble at all. She was also holding the hand of a young boy. Well, isn't that nice. The main course and desert as well. Licking his chops, Hans started towards the couple. Attending the Olympics was certainly turning out to be a rewarding idea. He had thought there would be plenty of succulent

candidates to choose from but the trip was turning out to have exceeded all of his expectations.